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## With the Salvation Army On Home Service By SUSAN K. SHAFFER

This is just one of the many cases of misery which comes to the daily notice and receives relief from the Salvation Army. During May 10 to 20 a committee of leading citizens of this state, headed by Major Arthur R. Robinson, of Indianapolis, will conduct an organized appeal for funds to turn over to the Salvation Army to be used in giving relief to just such cases of distress as are here portrayed.—Editor's Note.

Concluded from last week.

would be best for you to let us help you."

Feeble coughing from one of the occupants of the two beds we could dimly discern in the next room through the burlap hangings, interrupted the commandant's remarks. The man's face grew whiter and more haggard.

"That's the boy," he said. "He got sick first. I have been up night and day with him since Thursday a week ago when the mother took sick. Before that she tended him and the three girls and the baby. But I think it was too much for her. She has never been very strong."

"First the boy had the flu," he continued. "Then it turned into pneumonia and now it's the measles. None of the rest of them got sick until he got the measles and then they all took it from him. Goldie, the next to the youngest girl is having a terrible time with her ear. The doctor said the medicine he gave her would stop the pain, but it didn't."

The commandant murmured sympathetically and I strained my ears to hear if the coughing had ceased. Suddenly a noise was heard upstairs and Mr. A— excused himself to go look after the three girls who were in bed upstairs.

He soon returned and after a few more words and an assurance of our interest and help we left.

Send Coal and Provisions.

On our way down the street we stopped at the house of the neighbor woman who had called us on the phone that morning to tell us about the A—'s troubles. After getting her promise to come to headquarters for a basket of groceries for them, we resumed our way, halting only to order half a ton of coal to be sent to the distressed family at once.

True to her word, the neighbor woman came in that afternoon for the basket of provisions. Her eyes sparkled when she saw the canned milk, sugar, rolled oats, coffee, hominy, canned soup, soap and other staples that were going to her friends in trouble. She told us that Mr. A— had broken down and cried when the driver drove up to the door with the coal.

From her we also learned that the A—'s were thrifty and try hard to get along. They had never before had any help from the outside. Mr. A— was earning \$25 a week at the Van Camp packing factory. The two eldest girls worked, too, at Van Camps. They are buying their home. Before she left, the neighbor woman promised to keep us informed as to the condition of the sick family and to return for more provisions later. We got in touch with the doctor who was attending them. He said they were all about over the danger stage, and that given good food and heat enough to be comfortable and the continued excellent care the father was giving them, they would all pull through.

Thus assured, the commandant temporarily dismissed the troubles of the A— family and busied herself with other cases of distress.

**Helps Family of Murdered Girl.**  
The next day a horrible murder of a fourteen-year-old girl stung the people of the city to fury. Every body at Salvation Army headquarters was on the qui vive to be of service to prevent the lynching of the murderer, and to assist in an attempt to assuage the grief of the bereaved parents of the innocent victim. Learning from the papers that promises of clothing for herself and little sisters had prompted the girl to accompany the man to the lonely spot where she had been foully murdered,

the commandant was ready at once to send a supply of garments to the stricken family. Upon visiting the bereaved home she found it practically bare of furniture and carpet. The children and parents possessed the clothes they had on, and that was all the clothing they owned. A week sped by and the commandant was so busy trying to help out his family in their desperate need that it was impossible for us to make a second trip to the A— household. But the doctor still assured us that things were going smoothly there.

At the end of the week we again went out to the house on Patterson street. A pleasant girl of about twenty admitted us and ushered us in to the living room where we occupied the two rockers. The little boy who had been so badly sick when we were there before was now playing marbles on the floor, apparently fully recovered. The sunny haired baby of the family, Elizabeth, aged three, was still bothered with a slight cough, but otherwise all right.

On Road to Recovery.

The father had returned to work, the eldest daughter told us. The other sister who had been sick up stairs, was about well. Goldie was still having trouble with her ear and was in bed. The mother had gotten up two days ago, but had had to go back to bed. She had worried over Goldie and tried to get up to help her and only made herself worse. But the doctor promised absolute recovery for all of them in a few days.

"Send the ladies in here before they go," came the voice of Mrs. A— in bed in the front room, just as we were about to go. We both stepped into the front room, which we found bare of any kind of furniture, except a grass rug on the floor and the beds in which Mrs. A— and Goldie were lying. Goldie was asleep so Mrs. Crosby talked softly.

"We want to pay you people for the coal and groceries," she said.

"Oh, no," interposed Commandant Denton, "we do not take pay for what we do for people that have had trouble and sickness."

"But we want to pay for everything we get," returned the sick woman. "You can take the money and use it to pass on to some one else, the good you have done here. Mr. A— is back at work now, and he will be getting some money again this week. He will be around to pay you as soon as we can."

The commandant was ready to protest again when the burlap curtains parted and little Elizabeth, the sunny haired baby, ran in, hearing our voices and, quick to note the tones of argument her mother was using she rushed to her mother's bedside. There standing on her tiptoes she kissed and caressed her mother's face with her tiny hands. Then she put her arms around her mother's neck and looked over at us with all the defiance her three years could muster.

At the sight of the tableau before her, further words of protest about taking pay for the help we had given the A—'s in their crisis, froze on the commandant's lips. Silently she turned about and left the room. I noticed her eyes were moist as the door closed behind us.

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### CHAPTER IV. The Blind Boy.

"We will go to see the Henson's this morning. They are a family we helped before, last year, and a neighbor reports they are badly off again," said the commandant the next morning when I reached the headquarters.

We found the Henson's house without any trouble on a little side street off of Garfield Park, a one story frame building dignified by a neat cement walk in front and leading up to the tiny front porch. This time we did not go around to the back door, but stepped on the porch and rapped lightly.

Mrs. Henson, a bent old woman, in neat calico, admitted us gladly. "Come in, come in," she exclaimed, her face lighting up. "I just said to pa I knew you would come again when we needed you."

One step from the porch put us almost into the center of the room, it seemed. As in the Crosby house, the last place we had visited, the place

was in semi-darkness. When our eyes became accustomed to the half light, we noticed an old man sitting on a rocker as near to the stove as he could get, muffled in an overcoat and a scarf around his neck, his feet in heavy goloshes and a cap with ear flaps pulled down well on his head.

"What is the matter with Mr. Henson," asked the commandant?

"Oh, I've been sick, I've been awful sick. Got the asthma," came in feeble tones from the depth of the old man's muffler, it seemed.

"Are you cold?" I asked, because there was a pleasant fire in the stove and the room was not cold.

The old man nodded, and before he could speak, for his heavy breathing, the old woman broke in:

"Now pa, don't you talk, you'll just get a coughing spell." Then turning to us, she continued:

"He is real weak from the asthma, and I try to keep him warm, so he won't get any worse. He had to give up his work in February because he got such chills when he went out and he couldn't get warm all day."

"Where did he work?" asked the commandant.

"I ran an elevator," interposed the old man before his wife could answer for him. "But I had to give it up because I got so cold all the time. Same way last year. I had to give up work until summer came, and then I went back and they took me on again."

"Do you have a doctor come in?" asked the commandant.

"No I wouldn't have a doctor. They take all your money and don't do you any good. Leastways, the last one I had didn't do anything and he charged me three dollars to come out here. And my daughter-in-law, she works in the Van Camp factory and she got a bell on her finger and she had the doctor and he charged her four dollars to come out and lance it. There she had to pay all that money to the doctor and stay home from work too to be there when he came. No, I wouldn't have any doctor."

"Now pa, you shouldn't talk like that," admonished the old woman. "Some doctors are all right." The old man relapsed into silence.

Worries Because He Cannot Work.

"You see, he is getting old now," said the old woman, turning to us. "He is seventy-three. We have had a lot of trouble. He worries because he can't work now. Of course, we miss his \$14 a week, but I always say that we don't want what the Lord isn't willing for us to have. And if the Lord isn't willing for us to have that money, we don't want it."

"That is right," agreed the commandant.

"How many are there of you here?" I asked, noticing an array of post card photographs on the faded yellow oak dresser, that was the principal article of furniture in the room.

"Well, my son is with us now, and his two children. He is forty-three. His wife died a year ago, and the children were having a bad time, so he asked me to let him come and live with us. I am getting old to take care of children, I'm seventy-two myself, but it seems as if there wasn't any other way. The one little girl goes to school now, and I have a lot of trouble getting her ready."

"A teacher from the kindergarten came the other day and told me I ought to send the little boy to kindergarten, but I told her I am too old to be getting both of them ready to go out on the same day. I didn't want to tell her we only had clothes enough for one to wear outside. I would like them to have the companionship of other children, that the teacher talked about, but it is all I can do to get Ruth ready for school of a morning. I told her that poor people's children can't do like rich people."

"What is it that you need for them?" asked Miss Denton.

Need Warm Clothes.

"Stockings, mostly, and underwear," answered the woman. "Seems if I can't get enough stockings for them. Ruth has two pairs now, and I wash them out and mend them every day, but it is all I can do to do that. Seems as if they make stockings nowadays from paper. They get holes in them as soon as they put them on."

"What is your son doing?" was the commandant's next question.

"He works at the factory and gets \$15 a week," answered the voluble old woman. "You see when the old man was bringing \$14 a week and my son his \$18, we were getting along fine. But now the \$18 my son makes is all we have to live on, and the rent alone is \$10 a month. We saved as much as we could then, because we knew the old man would soon have to quit."

At that I gazed around for signs of prosperity from the time when

the income for the three adults and two children had been \$32 a week. The room was neat and clean, but furnished only with the dresser, a stand and four chairs, and a thin red carpet on the floor. In the room beyond I could see a bed with a white coverlet, unusual in the homes of those who pay \$10 a month for rent. Mrs. Henson was wearing a neat calico apron over a calico wrapper.

Asks to See Children.

"I would like to see the children," the commandant's voice broke my reverie. "Are they here?"

"The two children that live here aren't," answered the woman, "but Edgar, my other son's little boy, is back there. I'll call him, Jimmy, my son's boy that lives with me, borrowed Edgar's coat to go out and play a little."

In response to the call Edgar appeared in the doorway. I thought him the most beautiful child I had ever seen. About six years old, I judged him. His face bore the spiritual look of the cherubims of some of the early Italian painters. His hair was brown and curly, his complexion clear, with exquisite features and coloring, and he was beautifully straight.

"Come here, Edgar," said his grandma. Here I am."

I looked at her sharply, questioning, then back at the handsome child. And then for the first time I noticed that he stretched out his hands and clutched the furniture as he walked. The beautiful boy was blind.

"Grandma, grandma," said the child eagerly, in a sweet, clear voice, reaching out before him and walking toward the spot where he had placed her voice.

"Ain't that awful," said the old woman in an aside, to us. "He has been that way since he was four years old, when he had spinal meningitis. The doctor saved his life for him, but that was all."

"Grandma, grandma," went on the eager voice of the child, "what do you think, some people say they would rather be dead than blind. Would you, grandma? What do you think of it grandma? Would you rather be dead?"

"Now hush, you musn't talk like that, Edgar," answered his grandma, and the commandant broke in hotly.

Tells of School for Blind.

"No, indeed, people ought not to say such things. There is a lovely school where little boys can go when they can't see, and they have swings there to play on, and they teach the little boys how to read with their fingers, and how to make beautiful music on different instruments. As soon as you get a little older we will take you over there to live, perhaps."

"Do they have a kindergarten there? I want to go to kindergarten. A lady told me that a little blind boy can have a lot of fun at kindergarten, and learn things," said Edgar, walking around, touching eagerly everything within his reach.

"Yes, indeed, they have a kindergarten, and you are going to be able to learn everything you want to know about," said the commandant.

The lump in my throat was getting bigger all the time, and I was too preoccupied with the thought of the little blind boy to hear the rest of the commandant's conversation with Mrs. Henson. Mechanically I fastened my coat and rose as I saw her move over to say a parting word of encouragement to the old man.

"Will you give me your word of honor that you will see that that boy gets a chance at an education in the state institution for the blind?" I asked the commandant, the minute the door closed behind us. "Because if you don't do it I am going to see about it myself, if I have to go through fire and water to accomplish it."

The commandant smiled enigmatically and nodded her head. "It is my life work to see that the poor and sick and distressed are taken care of," she answered simply. "Could it have been by accident or design that her hand in its simple cotton glove traveled to her throat where was fastened a modest white enamel pin emblazoned with the single word: 'Others'?"

Nick Lenine is sighing because his part of the world will not remain conquered.

The allies are getting ready to give Turkey a severe reprimand for the latest massacres.

Since the long dry spell began it is noticeable there are fewer men who think they can sing.

## William Farnum an Ideal Lover.



"THE JOYOUS TROUBLEMAKERS"  
WILLIAM FOX PRODUCTION

Here is shown the famous Fox foil for Mr. Farnum, dressed as she is in a becoming riding hat; although on other occasions during the picture she is seen in the quaint, old fashioned hoopskirt, in which she is equally charming and beautiful. We'll say Mr. Farnum is a lucky dog.

## Pearl White On Her Way Home.



PEARL WHITE—DIRECTION WILLIAM FOX

After a brief relaxation from work in making her first big production for William Fox Pearl White is on her way home from Europe, where she has spent the past month. She will go direct to Pineville Ky., where exteriors for her next picture will be made under the direction of Charles Gibler. Miss White has already made two pictures for Fox, "The White Moll" and "Tiger's Cub" neither of which has yet been released.



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